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Eng. Poetry vol 19.

P O E M

O N T H E

Arrival of His M A J E S T Y King

G E O R G E.

Incipient Magni procedere Menses. Virgil.



L O N D O N :

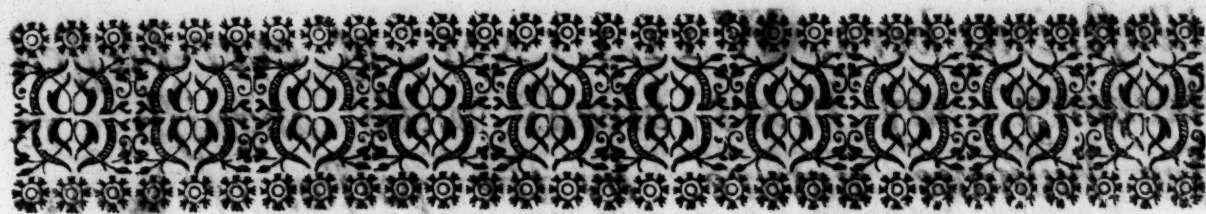
Printed for S. Popping at the *Black-Raven* in *Pater-Noster-Row*, and Sold by the Booksellers of London and Westminster. 1714. *1. Octob.*

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Journal of His Majesty King
GEORGE
Jacobus Augustus Fredericus Alexander / 1714



Printed at the Press of the University of London
and sold by the Booksellers of London and
Windsor. 1714.



TO THE
K I N G.

S I R E,

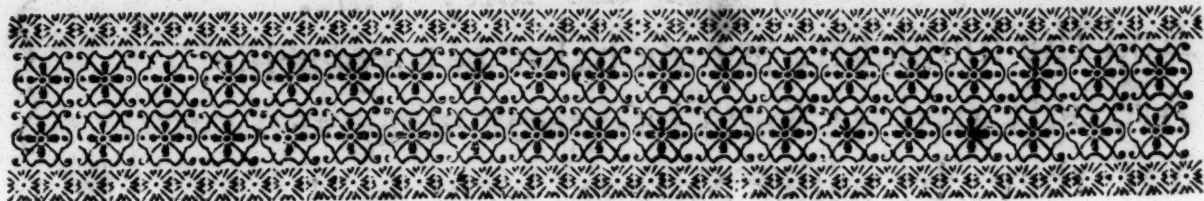


*AMONG the many congratulations,
Your MAJESTY has received, upon
Your joyful accession to the throne
of these Kingdoms; none, I am per-
suaded, can boast of more sincerity than this.
When I reflect on our degeneracy, since the
days of our deliverance, by the hands of that
A 2 illustri-*

The DEDICATION.

illustrious hero, WILLIAM, of ever-blessed memory; my heart bleeds with anguish, to see humane nature, by the poison of party-zeal, transported to such excesses of inhumanity, as nothing cou'd mitigate, short of Your MAJESTIES christian pattern, and the charms of Your Charity: a Charity, that will establisb Your empire in the hearts of Your subjects; and endear Your memory to latest posterity: a Charity, that will extensively bless this world, and be exceedingly blest in a better. May GOD, who graciously gave us so great a blessing, make us more worthy of it; that no dissentions may discompose Your peace, but love and loyalty conspire to exalt Your Joys, and lengthen a life, so dear to good men, and so necessary for the welfare of all.

I am, &



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P O E M

On the Arrival of His M A J E S T Y.



OW night retires, and, glorious, breaks the
day,
That cheers mankind with an auspicious
ray ;

When mighty BRUNSWICK laid his strict commands,
To man the ships, and leave the *Belgian* strands.
In their own element they graceful ride,
BRITANNIA'S safety, and her chiefest pride :
The harden'd oaks, the product of her soil,
Thus gloriously reward the labourer's toil ;
The greatest good, heaven e'er did grant, they bring,
To waiting BRITONS, their expected King :
Bless'd be the hills, whose fruitful glebes produce
Trees, only fit for such a glorious use.

The

The od'rous Cedar, and the lofty Pine,
 And the moist Fir, whose balm is turpentine,
 Are only us'd for some less great design :
 Yet they, by wisest *Solomon*, were held
 The fittest trees, the house of G O D to build.
 But ALBION, in those Days an Isle unknown,
 Has later ages, her rich product shown :
 By which her power o'er all the globe does stretch,
 That even her ships scarce bound the extended reach.
 Kind *Neptune* shook his trident o'er the deep ;
 And gentle winds lay only not asleep.
 Bright *Amphitrite* left her shelly grove,
 Queen of the seas, and hoary *Neptune's* love :
 With coral-fillets bound her silver hair ;
 And all the riches, that are treasur'd there,
 The *Nereids* cull'd, to grace the naked fair.
 Such charms around her shone ; which had you seen ;
 Another *Venus*, you'd have thought, she 'ad been :
 Less fair the dame, whom ancient stories say,
 The *Hebrew* elders bathing did survey.
 Attended by her Nymphs the Goddess shone,
 (The Nymphs their best attire had all put on)
 Her trident amber, and a conch her throne :

The mereman *Glaucus* rul'd her fiery steeds,
 His wither'd temples bound with sea-green weeds :
 Whilst fam'd *Arion* tun'd his well-strung lyre ;
 And rais'd to boundless joys each Nymphs desire.
 He sung (for who could better sing than he,
 The chief musician of the depthless sea)
 How mighty *Jove*, once, mad with impious love
 Of fair *Europa*, left the realms above :
 On the *Phœnician* coast she sporting stood,
 Amidst her maids, besides the dimpl'd flood :
 When a white bull came bellowing o'er the land,
 And pleas'd, with wanton frisks, the youthful band :
 Across his back the bright *Europa* strode ;
 The amorous bull, secur'd thus of his load,
 Made to the shore, and flounc'd into the Flood. }
 Her frightened maids, with horror in their eyes,
 Urge the high heavens with unavailing cries :
 Rouz'd at the dreadful noise, I rais'd my head,
 And saw the Queen to *Creta's* coast convey'd.
 Thus as he sung ; to his reviving lay,
 On the smooth seas, delighted dolphins play :
 Whilst on his harp the various notes combine,
 To speak the artist, and the art divine.

But thro' the thronged *Belgian* streets was seen
 A different face of things, another scene.
 As, on the fields, the industrious ants around,
 Spread a large troop, and blacken all the ground ;
 That, whilst the sun darts forth his Summer's heat,
 Store up 'gainst winters cold their lasting meat :
 So the thick people warm the darken'd shore ;
 And a propitious voyage all implore :
 Whilst great *Augustus*, with his *British* train,
 Trusts all our hopes to the uncertain main.
 Loud shouts of acclamations rend the skies,
 The grateful tokens of the peoples joys.
 Now, with full sails, the ships begin to sweep
 The azure plain, and cleave the yielding deep :
 So smooth and calm the sea, the sky so clear ;
 As when the fishers ship it's Saviour Lord did bear.
 Waft him, ye winds, and tides, securely o'er,
 Waft him, but waft him soon to *Albion's* shore.
 Let no false gale aside his vessel turn ;
 And, by ill-fated chance, make *Albion* mourn ;
 As when the winds, and angry *Juno*, tost
 Fair *Venus's* off-spring from his destin'd coast :
 Our well-built ships do bear a greater load,
 A happier Prince, and *England's* chiefest good.

Our Prayers are heard : *Tama* receives her Lord,
 (*Tama* by all the water-nymphs ador'd)
 Around his gilded barge she joyful sings
 The nation's wealth, and glory of her kings.
 Her crystal stream: rowl over golden ore ;
 And bulwark'd towers adorn her fertile shore.
 But see our great Defender safely land,
 And crouding round him thankful *Britons* stand ;
 With heighten'd joy they shout ; and, with amaze,
 In awful distance, at his person gaze :
 Where every virtue in such light appears,
 As speaks the sacred image that he bears.
 On his left hand the Prince does move along,
 Sedate, yet sprightly ; beautiful, yet strong.
 Third *Edward's* Son we see in him revive ;
 And view the Black-Prince, once again, alive.
 May like success still sparkle on his sword,
 To conquer rebels, and confess it's Lord ;
 To raise new subjects for the poet's song ;
 Trophies in joyful *Britain's* temples hung,
 Wreath'd round with lawrell, ever green, and young. }
 Paint him, ye Poets, in immortal strains :
 His virtues will excite your utmost pains.

To me, the meanest of your sect, belongs
 To show the Hero worthy of your songs :
 For nobler pens I leave the great design,
 Those, who cou'd sing great *William* on the *Boyn*,
 May find a subject here, which can even that outshine. }
 Henceforth, the bard no more shall rack his brain,
 And from old stories for examples strain,
 To paint a future hero in his verse,
 Thy virtues, Prince, he only needs rehearse :
 That copious subject will his pen employ;
 And repetitions, there, will never cloy.

But now the wish'd-for lovely morning gilds
 The stately palace, and the verdant fields :
 From every quarter of the town repair,
 To see, and to be seen, the well-drest fair.
 The propt balconies bend beneath the weight ;
 But beauties charms uphold their urged fate.
 The Silphs, and Silphids, busy, fly around,
 And peevish Gnomes are spread o'er all the town :
 Yet all in vain ; for beauties Queen attends :
 And, with her little guards, the nymphs defends :
 That no ill whisper might, that day, defame
 The rich brocade, or spotless virgin's name :

(II)

The sacred day, to *George's* glory due ;
And may that sacred day be ever new !
Each throng'd balconie various lustre rays,
And fills the streets with one continued blaze :
With blushing light, behold the chearing sun,
Asham'd to find his brightness so outdone.

Now, cou'd I sing the grandeur of the day,
And all the different scenes of joy display ;
Twou'd more than fully recompence my pains,
And add a brightness to my languid strains.
But stop, my muse, the flight too high I see :
Thou ne'er pretences mad'st to extasy.
Enough, if, humble, thou canst rightly sing
The joyful passage of the glorious king :
Which does all other triumphs far outshine,
As *Virgil's* heavenly strains compar'd with thine.
Ne'er *Pompey* heard, nor *Cæsar*, *Roman* lords,
(Tho' victory sat smiling on their swords)
Such shouts of joy, as thou most welcome Prince ;
For, liberty enslav'd was their offence :
Thou mak'st the heav'n-born goddess, still, more bright ;
Secur'st her empire, and uphold'st her right.
Heav'n with delighted views, looks down below ;
And smiles to see thee live, and govern too :

To see thee live, the partner of his sway;
 Whilst nations thee, as thou dost heav'n obey.
 Whose chieftest care we, in this work, may see;
 To place us under so much piety.
 Now may the hinds securely plow the field;
 And reap the bounteous harvest, which they yield:
 No danger, but from winds, and clouds may fear,
 To spoil the wholesom fruits, and taint the year.
 Whilst loaded ships may plow the boist'rous main,
 And well reward the merchant's toilsome pain:
 His right secur'd, will still advance his gain.
 Each heart unites, and vain dissensions cease;
 And Faction shall no more disturb our peace.
 So when two angry billows foam, and rage;
Neptune alone their fury can assuage:
 With curling streams, they meet each others breast,
 And join'd in love, no more the God molest.

F I N I S.



